The Crafty Maid's GARLAND,

Containing Four New

SONGS.

Trick for Trick, or the Squire's Son well fitted.
The Lady's Answer that was trick't of her intended *Husband* the Squire by Molly his Servant.
Sally's lamentation for her dear *Billy*,
The Swains complaint for *Dorinda*,

Printed for *W. Dean*, at the *Horse-shoe in Cank-lane Reading*.

18. *Trick for Trick or the Squires Son well fitted*

A Batchellor near *Oxford* who was a Squire's Son.
he kept a handsome house keeper the which he doate
He'd often take her by the hand fetching a sigh & cry,
O love me dearest *Molly* or for thy love I die,
Young *Molly* then Reply'd I am but a silly Maid,
At your follies I admire don't banter at this Rate,
says he I do not banter Love and that you soon shall see,
speak up my pretty *Molly* love can you fancy me.
With Oaths and protestations he made a solemn Vow
With twenty Oberations but mark good people now
Poor *Molly* being intangled in fickle *Cupid's* snare.
he quickly got to bed to her as you the truth shall here
But when *poor* Girl she prov'd with child & he of it did *know*
the Squire quickly chang'd his mind and did to another go
to one that had much wealth in store but when she knew
she cry'd to my grief I find there is deceit in Men.
she was a merchants daughter worth *Three hundred pounds a ye*
But mark what follows after more cruel and leve e,
Poor *Molly* being big with child it griev'd her heart to
the Squire love another! O wreful perjury,
her Father was not willing that she shou'd marry'd be,
Because she was an heiress therefore they did agree,
to marry the next morning before the break of Day,
To meet at the *Church* door just at the *Hour of* three.
Young *Molly* was told of this by one that was her Frien
I will come even with him Girl and that you may depe
That i will come up with for all his Perjury,
That for the trick which he hath done I'll fit him to a T

he writ a letter privately and seal'd it with her hand
And sent it to the Lady to let her understand,
That he was taken very ill therefore my dear I say,
Pray let the wedding be put of an ill and hor day
Young Molly the next Morning by one a Clock arose,
Before the Day was dawn put on her finest Cloaths,
Likewise a new kapt Riding-hood the same was lac'd with green,
Which she put on for fear her great Belly shou'd be seen
With a mask upon her face to the Church she did ride,
Just at the Hour where she met the Parson and the Squire,
Who did salute her with a kiss and thus to her did say,
Bless be the Star that brought us both to see this happy Day
Then married they were presently before the break of Day
The Squire took his lovely bride & home wards took his way
And as he rid along the road said he my dearest dear,
If your Father knew of this Lord he would stamp & swear,
The Damosel gave a smile but gave him no reply
And when he came to his own Door he light immediately,
Down from his stately steed he took his lovely bride,
Bringing of her within the doors he made her this Reply,
You are welcome here my dear unto your habitation,
And going to salute her he burst into a Passion,
Oh me says he what have I done and started at the sight
Says she don't be concern'd you have done nothing that's right
You cunningly deceiv'd me when my Maiden-head you got
But now if you'l believe me you are fitted for the blot
You love the tops of vessels but can't endure the draggs,
But now your like to see it out as sure as Eggs are Eggs,

2d. The Lady's Answer that was trick't of her intended Husband the Squire by Mr. By his servant.

To the same Tune.

NO Lady in the Nation is more unfortunate?
I'm in a hopeless station as here I shall relate,
I am bereft of my true love whom I dear admire,
Behold young Moll her craft improv'd to rob me of my Squire.

Behold I am a fortune indowed with Gold so bright,
The Squire did importune to gain me Day and Night,
With purple gate and wining air & charms did me invite
I must confess I lov'd my Squire more then Lord or Knight.

He gained my affection by *Cupid* I was led,
It was my love selection I thou't with him to wed,
my Father not consenting I thou't him most unkind,
But Molly circumvented O was not she unkind,

The appointed time was fixed in the morning before Day
Our hearts were intermixed we thou't of no delay,
It was three in the Morning on which we both agreed,
When skyes was dark adorned and Clouds in sable weeds.

But ah the night before this my dreaming happiness,
when nothing fill'd my thoughts but bliss I took's for nothing
a letter I receiv'd which Molly did invent,
Sayer I was deceiv'd and Rob'd of my content,

on heard how Moll continued in mask and Riding-hood,
nd how she me deprived you all have under stood,
h she did with my Squire wed unknown to him indeed.
nd ah i thou't him suck in bed her pr ject did succeed,

e true light loose carriag'd Molls chastity was lost,
h could she hope from marriage alas it was quite crost,
o make a wife of such a one behoes of mean degree,
ut alas invain make moan, *Moll* has deceiv'd me,

ome take away my rigging fine my Chains and costly Jims?
o more to splen or i will shine my pearls and Diamond ring,
or ever i will lay aside and mourn for his sweet sake
s Virgin i will still abide since *Moll* my love did take,

never shall forget my Squire so long as life shall last,
his Love to me was so entire as many knows are past,
las by *Moll* we are both betray'd in sadness i may sit,
ho'd think a lady servants maid had got such subtil wit?

arewel my dear beloved Squire adieu for evermore
ot i have lost my hearts desire whom dear i did adore,
o lady in the Land all round's drove to such a case,
by felt in sorrows pow'r drown'd bedlam must be my place

would give all my wealth rather then have lost my dear
hich *Moll* hath got from me by stealth O she was too *soure*
o Lady was so trick before that ever yet was born,
Now *Moll* hath her shame reft or'd and I of him am scorn'd

3. *The Answer from* Sally *in our Alley to* Bill, *in Piccadilly*

OF all the Lads that are ſo ſmart,
there's none I love like *Billy*?
He is the darling of my heart,
and he lives in *Piccadilly*.
there's ne'er a Lad in London town,
is half ſo ſweet as *Billy*?
He is the darling of my Heart,
and he lives in *Piccadilly*.
His father he makes Caſting-tops
and youngſters folkſs do buy them,
His Mother ſhe bakes wardens pot,
and thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em
But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget,
ſo ſweet a Lad as *Billy*!
He is the Darling of my Heart, &c.
When he goes by I leave my work,
I love him ſo ſincerely,
My miſtreſs comes like any turk,
and Rales me ſo ſeverely,
But let her ſcold her Belly full,
I'll have it all for Billy,
He is the Darling, &c.
Of all the Days that's in the week,
I dearly Love but one Day,
And that's the Day that comes betwixt,
a Saturday and Monday,
For then I am dreſt in all my beſt,
to walk abroad with Billy,
He is the Darling, &c.

y miſtreſs takes me to the Church,
and then am i blamed?
ecauſe i leave her in the Larch;
as ſoon as Lexe is named,
leave the Church in Sermon time:
and ſteal away to Billy,
e is the darling &c
he winter evenings they are long,
and Billy will want Money,
ll ſave my Vales and wages too.
and give it to my honey,
nd would it were ten thouſand pound,
i'd give it all to Billy,
e is the darling &c,
y miſtreſs and the Neighbours flout,
at me and my dear Billy,
hey ſay me too i can't ſtir out,
i think it is ſilly.
ut y long years will have an end,
and then i'll marry Billy.
) then we'll wed and then we'll bed,
in ſpight of Piccadilly.

The Swains Complaint for Dorinda.

O *Dorinda* be more kinder:
now can you be ſo ſevere:
o ſee the grief that I lye under,
Do not kill me with diſpair
or here poor I muſt lye and cry,
O love me, love me or i die,
O *Dorinda* ſhe is tranſporting
he all delights and all is free,

All obliging and diverting;
Kind to ev'ry one but me,
She is always in a flame,
O she is all that I can aim,
For to ease me of my fears,
then shou'd I come comfort find out ease,
For to ease my love sick heart,
But all my wishes are in vain,
'tis Cupid cruel Cupid,
Strikes me on the fatal vein,
O woe is me unhappy lover,
that ever I shou'd love in vain,
Now my grief is almost over
Here I have not long to remain,
So ten thousand times adieu
For I shall I shall never lay my Eye on you
As Dorinda she was walking
Underneath the mirtle Tree,
there she spy'd her lover talking
To himself most mournfully,
Straight into his Arms she flew,
O with sweet kisses and imbraces,
there his old love did renew,
Pray my dearest cease your mourning,
Do not grieve your tender heart,
Since to you I've returned,
Of your grief I will bear a part,
Here is my hand you have my heart,
O love but me as I love thee,
and you and I will never never part,

FINIS.